

The Critic

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Literature

Prof. Morley's "English Writers." Vol. VI.*

PROF. MORLEY has lived to complete six of the twenty volumes which he has assigned himself to write on English literature, an undertaking happily conceived and promising to be as happily accomplished. At the end of the book there is the author's *envoi* in the shape of an autobiographic leaflet in which he declares that these six volumes are only the 'hut above the lower slopes of the old mountain' (presumably of Difficulty), and he likens his undertaking to crawling up the Matterhorn about which he has 'stumbled since A, B, C.' With increasing knowledge and ascent the view becomes wider and more beset with details crowded almost to suffocation, like the landscape below the Rigi; but he has started bravely on the fourteen remaining stages of his *chemin de croix* until he comes, not to the 'bitter,' but to the transfiguring, end, whence he can look back from Beowulf to Tennyson and see all the gleaming 'horns' and streams of English literature as they loom along the line, converge and then dissipate at a dozen centres, and ultimately blend with the great *flaño*, or ocean, or whatever we choose to call it, of European intellectual life.

For it is one of the special excellences of this work that it does not lop off English literature surgically from other literatures and contemplate it to the exclusion of all else, like the Hindoo mystic contemplating the Sacred Blue Flower. Prof. Morley has too keen a sense of the fitness of things and of the general movement underlying intellectual life in Europe to be guilty of such egotism. On the contrary, wherever he finds points of contact between England and the Continent—and the friction has been incessant,—he brings the fertilizing foreign element into his field and irrigates the already rich garden of England with airs of Italy and growths of France, spots of color from Germany and Greece, and kindling influences from Holland and Spain. This is what makes his discussions of Chaucer and his times so graphic: he connects both with Boccaccio and Italy, as later on he will doubtless connect Spenser and the Elizabethans with Ariosto and his kin, and Milton with Vondel and Sterne with Rousseau. English literature shows like no other the power of original genius to take its clue from work already given and translate it into something higher, sweeter, richer, more impassioned: to carry it to a mount of transfiguration and leave it there, shining and beautiful till the end of time. How else could Chaucer have taken the 10,000 lines of Boccaccio's dull *Teseide* and with the touch of the alchemist have transmuted them to the 2000 golden lines of 'The Knightes Tale'? Or Shelley have blown his aerial and flaming spirit through the hollow veins of the myth of Prometheus till it became a thing of fire? Or old Plutarch's pages have become quick with radiance under the fingers of Shakespeare? The literary record of England contains much of this spiritual transfer, this alchemistic transmutation of baser foreign metal into English gold. Indeed, where shall we look to find absolutely orig-

inal work except in Greek and Sanskrit? Even Confucius 'edited' other people's work and made out of it his celebrated 'Library of Useful Knowledge,' the Confucian moral and political system. A very cursory glance through Prof. Morley's chapters will reveal how busy Barbour and Lydgate and Occleve and Caxton were with other people's work, with French, Italian, and Latin *gestes* and romances; while whole cycles of tales and poems like the Arthuri-an and Charlemagne romances formed the indispensable 'French novel' of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Into these gelatine moulds these and earlier centuries cast and stereotyped their thought, which was further scientifically fixed by the invention of printing. This invention is copiously discussed in the chapter on Caxton, who died just a year before Columbus's immortal discovery, after having contributed so much to delight and instruct his generation. His varied industry in printing legends and saints' lives, Books of Hours and romances of Godfrey, tales of Troy and the Aurea Legenda, Eneid and Reynard, missals and chess-books, Gower and Chaucer and Malory's King Arthur, is a type of the awakened age in which he lived, so charmingly delineated in this latest volume of 'English Writers.' Prof. Morley's excellent habit of giving long passages and paraphrases from the difficult authors whom he discusses is continued.

Boutmy's "English Constitution" *

THIS BOOK is introduced to the English reader by Sir Frederick Pollock, who praises both the translation and the original work. It is not, as might be supposed, an analysis of the Constitution nor yet a history of it; it is rather an historical essay designed to show how the main features of the Constitution grew out of the social and economic condition of the English people. In this respect it is different from any other book that we have met with, and being written with ability and with extensive knowledge of the subject, it is a useful and interesting work. Its principal fault is a tendency to striking statements and paradoxes; yet the author is by no means narrow nor one-sided in his views, has no hobbies to ride, and is singularly free from prejudice. The style of the work is clear and yet concise, thus conveying a large amount of thought and information in a small space.

The question that M. Boutmy endeavors to answer in the earlier chapters of his work is, How did the people of England succeed in establishing popular freedom and parliamentary institutions at a time when all the rest of Europe was suffering from absolutism? He begins by brushing aside the theory of the Freeman school, that republican institutions existed in the forests of mediæval Germany, and takes the ground that the essential features of the English Constitution took their rise in the three centuries after the Norman conquest, and that they were due mainly to the three following causes. First, the power of the Norman kings was much greater than that of the French and German kings, while the power of the barons was very much less, and these influences tended strongly toward the formation of a homogeneous state. Secondly, there was in England nothing corresponding to the *noblesse* of France and other Continental countries, the English nobility being simply hereditary office-holders, while the great body of landowners constituted a powerful middle class different from anything existing elsewhere. The third factor in the formation of the Constitution was, in M. Boutmy's opinion, the existence in England of a much stronger feeling of nationality than was found in those early times in any other nation of Europe—a fact which he conclusively proves, though we think he hardly succeeds in accounting for it.

Several chapters of the book are devoted to showing how the influences thus mentioned led to the grant of the Great Charter, the establishment of Parliament, equality before

* English Writers. By Henry Morley. Vol. VI. From Chaucer to Caxton. \$1.50. Cassell Publishing Co.

* The English Constitution. By Emile Boutmy. Trans. by Isabel M. Eaden. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.

the law and all the chief characteristics of the national Constitution. Then follows a brief account of the changes under the Tudors and the Stuarts, while the later chapters trace the changes in the form and spirit of the Constitution which have arisen from the growth of the great landed aristocracy, the extinction of the yeoman, and the sudden rise of the manufacturing and commercial classes. Much that the author says has been said before, yet we know of no single work that covers the whole ground occupied by this, and we heartily commend it to all who are interested in the history of English institutions.

Alfred de Musset's Comedies *

THE FLOWER of the French aristocracy, more than any other aristocracy in Europe, has always given itself passionately to letters. It was always so, from the time when Provençal counts and kings sang of love and tourney, and Christine de Pisane and Charles d'Orléans gave dainty poems to France. There is nearly always a *de* before a conspicuous French literary name, whether the *de* of hereditary right or that conferred by amiable kings on their art loving subjects. From the time when there is no record to the contrary, the landed aristocracy of the country have been devoted to history and memoir, to song and story, to gay tales like those of Marguerite of Anjou or the wonderful collection that bears the name of Louis XI. Peers and peeresses, dukes and marshals have rivalled each other in this charming competition, and have won for France the name of the most intellectual country in Europe; while even down into republican times the graceful tradition has descended, stimulating and fertilizing new soils as it descended and impelling the leisured class to cast their contribution, too, into the intellectual treasury. This is probably one reason why French literature is so finished, so perfect in form, so permeated by a sprightly and high-bred spirit. It is a literature of salons and boudoirs, of accomplished men and women whose conversational powers are trained, of rich people not pressed for income, and with ample power and opportunity to cultivate their naturally delicate genius.

Alfred de Musset was no exception to this fine tradition. In him the blood was as blue as the genius was undoubted, and both grew an intellectual fruit highly characteristic of the circumstances which gave it birth. He is essentially a child of the (early) nineteenth century, as he confesses in his famous novel—a child, however, of the Seine, the Loire and the Garonne. In him culminated all the French foibles and weaknesses as well as much that was strong, passionate and great. An exuberant sentimentality overflowed in him as in Rousseau and Châteaubriand; and united with this, was a delicious archness and wit which rendered him one of the most fascinating phenomena of the time of Louis Philippe. Hence it is that a nature like his—'twin-peaked Parnassus'—could throw off the lovely elegy on Malibran and the famous letter to Lamartine almost simultaneously with 'Fantasio,' 'No Trifling with Love,' and 'Barberine'—comedies rippling with the laughter of the Restoration. Hence it was, too—inexplicable as it may seem,—that a nature so refined and high-strung, should revive the achievements, and almost die the death, of Edgar Poe. The debauchery of Musset's life paired with an exquisite sense of literary propriety—not, however, saving enough to keep him out of the gutters. Mr. Gwynn's translations read well and give excellent specimens of the winged wit that sparkled in Musset on the least titillation. It is not strange that such a nature, all vicissitude, caprice and inconstancy, should have hung to the shoulder of George Sand as the butterfly hangs to the shoulder of Psyche: a great, brilliant moth, with towering wings and—no ballast. George Sand was the noble rock of his dreams, but her steadfastness only irritated without anchor-

ing his buoyancy. No truer portrait of Musset was ever painted than that given by Sand in her celebrated 'Lettre d'Un Voyageur' after they had parted at Venice—a portrait, a prophecy, and a prayer.

A Memoir of Jenny Lind *

TO THE PRESENT generation the name of Jenny Lind is as familiar as it was to the generation just passed away; to music-lovers to day the famous singer seems almost as much a reality as a tradition. This cannot be said of any other *prima donna* living or dead. Even those who may have been greater than she are forgotten, while her memory is kept green. Why this should be, who shall say? Did she really make a deeper impression upon her hearers than Pasta, Malibran and the rest?—or was it Barnum? We are inclined to think that it was partly her personality and partly the great showman's management. If her contemporaries are to be credited, there was something about her singing that had never been known before. It was nature asserting itself, rather than art. She appears to have gone upon the stage to sing, not from any love of the singer's life, but because the voice was there and must have an outlet. The stage was, indeed, distasteful to her, but she loved to sing and accepted the inevitable conditions. At the same time she seemed to think that she was doing something almost wrong. Her early life, like that of almost every artist, was a struggle. Her parents were poor, and she became a pupil of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm when she was a mere child. She was intended for an actress, and it was by accident that her voice was discovered. An act of an opera was to be given at the theatre, and she was chosen to sing a few bars. It is said that the audience felt her power at once. On March 7, 1838, she was given the part of Agatha in 'Der Freischütz.' 'I got up that morning one creature,' she used to say, 'I went to bed another creature. I had found my power.' All through her life, her biographers tell us, she observed the 7th of March with religious solemnity. She would ask to have herself remembered on that day with prayers; she treated it as a second birthday. And so it was, for on that day began her artistic life.

The homage she commanded was without precedent in the musical world, for her personality was as captivating as her voice. She was evidently a woman of no common order. There were those who said that they loved to hear her talk as well as they loved to hear her sing. Her face was homely, of a Swedish peasant type; but when she spoke or sang, it was transfigured. 'It was a face,' to quote from this biography, 'which it was delightful to watch.' It could express everything with a graphic intensity that made one laugh from pure joy. It could brim over with fun; it had an irresistible archness, when she was amused; it was capable of an almost awful solemnity; and it could, when she was suspicious and on her guard, become absolutely stony.

Canon Holland and Mr. Rockstro give a detailed account of the singer's public life only; upon her private life they barely touch. It is a pity, too, for her life both off the stage and on it was a beautiful one. Extracts from her diary and letters are given, but they all bear upon her artistic career. She wrote well, and her letters were long; for in those days people wrote letters that were letters and not mere telegraphic despatches. Of her large earnings she made good and generous use. Her giving of thousands upon thousands of dollars to charity when in America is well remembered. She seems—and this is the final test of a singer's character—to have known no professional jealousies. If ever a singer deserved to have her memory preserved in two stout octavo volumes, that singer was Jenny Lind. Not unfittingly it is 'Dedicated, by gracious permission, to her Majesty the Queen'—a woman who has lived a blameless life in a fiercer light than even that which beats upon the stage.

* Comedies of Alfred de Musset. Trans. and edit d by S. L. Gwynn. 40 cts. (Camelot Series.) A. Lovell & Co.

* Memoir of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. By Henry Scott Holland and W. S. Rockstro. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols. \$7.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A New Canadian Guide-Book *

IT IS NOT often that a traveller's guide-book proves to be a distinct acquisition to literature. The approved style for works of this class is that of the intelligent commercial reporter,—a style with whose all but inevitable dreariness no reasonable tourist will find fault. The latest addition to the well-known and useful series of Appleton's Guide-Books marks an acceptable departure from this beaten track,—but such a departure as only a strong personality and an assured talent would be safe in venturing upon. The distinguished Nova Scotian Professor of English Literature is not only a poet and a charming prose-writer, but he is also an enthusiastic sportsman, at least in the piscatorial line. He knows the best trout-streams, salmon rivers, and maskinonge lakes of Canada, as he knows the favorite books of his library. As a traveller and a scholar, he knows also the towns and historical scenes of the Dominion; and no authority, therefore, could be a more fit or agreeable guide for tourists of every taste. His book not only furnishes the useful information they will want, but adds to it much agreeable reading, in a style that will not become stale on frequent perusal.

Prof. Roberts begins with Niagara and passes eastward, leaving western Ontario and the new Provinces of the far Northwest for another volume. Toronto and Hamilton are carefully described; the lakes, rivers, and forests of Muskoka, dear to the hunter and the angler, are visited; Ottawa, with its magnificent Parliament buildings, its picturesque falls, its saw-mills and its timber-slides, is well portrayed; and the Thousand Islands with their gay summer attractions are passed in review. Many interesting pages are given to the varied historical associations of Montreal and Quebec; and the author then hastens on to his beloved Eastern Provinces, where his graphic and genial touches and the lively sketches of his personal experiences by flood and fell soon make his readers delightfully at home with him. There is a highly entertaining narrative of his fishing trip up and down the Tobique River, in company with two friends, 'the Ecclesiastic' and 'the Artist,' and three Melicite Indians, in as many birch bark canoes. This well-told story, with the admirable description of the 'building' of such a canoe by the Indian constructor, is alone enough to make the fortunes both of the Tobique River and of the whole Melicite tribe.

The towns, scenery, and tourist routes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the garden-like beauties of Prince Edward's Island, the quaint fishing ports and rugged coasts of Newfoundland, are all duly commemorated; and ample instructions are given throughout for the traveller's guidance. Many happily chosen and well-engraved pictures illustrate the descriptions. A compartment of the cover encloses three convenient pocket-maps of the Provinces; and there are two good double-page plans of Montreal and Quebec. The absence of a plan of Toronto is an omission which should be supplied in a future issue. Though less of a 'tourist city' than the others, the capital of Ontario is becoming the favorite rendezvous of American 'international conventions' of every class,—social, educational, scientific and benevolent. And here, by the way, should be noticed one of the author's very rare slips in point of accuracy. The name of Toronto does not, unfortunately, signify, as he supposes, a 'place of meeting,'—appropriate as such a name would be for a town of many convocations. Its true purport, if more commonplace, is yet noteworthy as recalling an ancient landmark of the early period when Lake Ontario was furrowed only by Indian canoes. When the Iroquois voyager, crossing the lake or coasting its shore, saw rising before him, apparently from the midst of the waves, a lofty tree-top, which he knew to mark the site of a long and low islet protecting a convenient harborage, he exclaimed to his comrades 'Tree-in-the-water!' His exclamation, euphonious in his fine language, was the well-known name of the islet, from which it has since been transferred to the neighboring

hive of commerce and colleges,—the 'intellectual centre,' as Prof. Roberts justly styles it, of the Canadian Dominion.

Some Recent Works on Linguistics *

THE FIRST volume of Dr. Brugmann's important work on the Indo-Germanic languages, which is designed to supersede Schleicher's Compendium,—as that took the place of Bopp's famous 'Comparative Grammar,'—appeared in 1888, translated into English by Dr. (now Professor) Joseph Wright. Dr. Wright then complained of the difficulty which he had experienced in his translation from 'the poverty-stricken state of our language as regards current philological technical terms.' The translators of the second volume (1) find the difficulty from this source 'already sensibly diminished,' as 'the methods and the nomenclature of the scientific school of Comparative Philology have found their way more and more into the work of English teachers.' Some parts of this nomenclature, as employed in the present volume, do not seem altogether satisfactory. Thus, for example, where Dr. Wright, in rendering the German prefix *ur-*, employed the usual English adjective 'primitive,' the translators adopt the newly coined epithet 'proethnic.' For 'primitive Greek' they have 'proethnic Greek,' which would seem to imply that there was a Greek language before there was a Greek people. In general, however, it must be said that the translators have done their work with much care and judgment, and have, in fact, made their version in many instances clearer than the too painfully condensed original. The second volume (or 'First Part of the Second Volume,' as it is, in accordance with the German fashion, rather absurdly styled) is devoted almost entirely to the suffixes, by which the Indo-Germanic roots are converted into 'stem-words' with their inflections. This portion of the work will be of peculiar value for the etymology of all the Indo-European languages,—a value which will be greatly increased if, as may be hoped, an 'index of words' shall be hereafter added to the concluding volume.

The international syndicate of scholars—comprising Prof. Strong of University College, Liverpool, Mr. W. S. Logeman of Utrecht University (now Head Master of Newton School, Cheshire), and Prof. Wheeler of Cornell University,—to whose united labors we owe the 'Introduction to the Study of the History of Language' (2), may be counted among that latest school of teachers, to whom the translators of Brugmann's work have referred. Their nomenclature and their views are of the most recent Germanic stamp. Their work is avowedly based on the well-known 'Principles of the History of Language' ('Prinzipien der Sprachgeschichte') of Prof. Paul, and owes to that work some of the ultra-metaphysical disquisitions which might have been spared to advantage. The concrete rules and instances, which make these misty abstractions more clear, are generally apt and useful. They are confined mainly to the Indo-European languages, and for the most part to two of these, the English and German. This circumstance will doubtless render the book more acceptable to the average student, but must diminish its value as an authority in general philology. Rules and illustrations which hold good in one family of languages, like the Indo-European, are not always applicable to others, as the Chinese, the Ural-Altaic, the Malayan, and the Mexican,—all of which, and many more, must be taken into view in a really comprehensive 'History of Language.' Within its limits, however, the present work will be found unexceptionable and useful. The concluding chapter, on 'The Standard Language,' comprises some pages on American English, doubtless due to Prof. Wheeler, and affording a highly instructive summary of suggestions and examples.

Not less instructive and useful, in another branch of linguistics, will be found Miss Soames's 'Introduction to Phonetics' (3), which furnishes an excellent account of the vocal elements of the English, French, and German languages, carefully discriminated and compared. The descriptions of the various sounds are given in both scientific and popular language, and are illustrated by diagrams. Over twenty pages of the work are occupied by a list of 'loan-words' from other languages, which have been adopted into the English speech,—such as *accolade*, *ad interim*, *alto relievo*, *beau-ideal*, *cicerone*, *hauteur*, *tic douloureux*, and the like,—which are given with their peculiar hybrid pronunciations, as sanctioned by custom. Every teacher will doubtless find some instruction and probably some relief of mind in the examination of this list.

* 1. A Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages. By Karl Brugmann. Vol. II. Morphology (Stem Formation and Inflection): Part I. Translated by R. Seymour Conway and W. H. D. Rouse. Westermann & Co. 2. Introduction to the Study of the History of Language. By Herbert A. Strong, Willem S. Logeman and Benjamin Ide Wheeler. \$3.50. Longmans, Green & Co. 3. An Introduction to Phonetics (English, French and German). By Laura Soames. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co. 4. Open Letter to Dr. Gustav Meyer on the Connection of the Egyptian and Indo-Germanic Languages (Offener Brief, etc.). By Prof. Carl Abel. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.

* The Canadian Guide-Book. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Carl Abel replies with much spirit, in his 'Open Letter to Dr. Gustav Meyer' (4), to the objections of the latter (as he had already replied, it seems, to those of Profs. Brugsch and Erman with out eliciting a response from either) to his theory of the original connection of the Egyptian and Indo-Germanic languages. Instead of persisting in these controversies, it would be more satisfactory if Prof. Abel would undertake to apply his theory to other languages, and show, as he might easily do by his exceedingly accommodating method, that, for example, the Dravidian tongues of Southern Hindostan, the Japanese, the Eskimo, and the Malayan were all originally akin to the Old-Egyptian and consequently to one another. This result might lead to a great philological triumph or to a *reductio ad absurdum*, and in either case would put an end to the discussion.

Recent Fiction

MR. EDGAR SALTUS has taken a new departure and written a perfectly pure book, doing so, in all probability as Zola wrote 'Le Réve,' to show that he could do it if he chose. Like Zola's his venture is a great success, 'Mary Magdalen' being in many respects an exquisite story. He has taken the Biblical character, the woman whom Christ converted, and has told the old story with just a touch of romance thrown in to give it variety and some additional interest. He describes Mary's career before she decides to surrender its magnificence to follow humbly in the footsteps of the Master, and develops her character most beautifully under the influence of the new spirit which takes possession of her. It is in connection with the betrayal that the romance is introduced, Judas falls in love with Mary, and when she refuses to listen to him, threatens to betray his Master, and gives Mary twenty-four hours in which to make her choice. She cannot believe he is in earnest, and when he comes for his answer again declines to hear him. It is revenge and not the thirty pieces of silver which prompts him to do it. His interview with Mary after he learns that the Master has been arrested is fine, and is written in the epigrammatic English that Mr. Saltus commands at will. Mary withers Judas with her scorn, and will not even listen to the regret implied in his apology. (50 cts. Belford Co.)

THE ENGLISH are certainly in some ways a singular nation. For their own literature they have strict rules, or rather limitations, and their stage is largely given over to simple domestic dramas or to farces. But all barriers seem to fall before a foreign lance, and even so exemplary a man and citizen as Mr. Edmund Gosse is found serving up such unwonted literary dishes as the plays of Ibsen, or this lurid novel by Karl Emil Franzos. The hero of 'The Chief Justice,' from whom the book is named, has such a high Roman sense of duty that he refuses to preside at the trial for infanticide of a girl whom he alone knows to be his natural daughter. She is condemned to death, and after her father has tried in vain to have the sentence reversed, he helps her to escape from prison and disappears with her from the world. The girl marries happily in their exile, and the Chief Justice comes to Vienna to give himself up as a criminal for having abused his office; and when it is represented to him that this would cause deplorable scandal, he atones for his crime by killing himself. Power of a gloomy kind the book certainly has, but not enough to carry one through pages of the morbid psychology so dear to the German heart. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.) THOSE persons who do not read French will find Miss Laura Ensor's translation of 'Soeur Philomène,' by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, very satisfactory. Although it is a study of life in a French hospital by leaders of the realistic school, the painful and revolting side is not unduly dwelt upon, and the figure of the nun is sketched upon the sombre background with a sure and sympathetic touch. The translation is somewhat literal and prosaic at times, but clear and smooth, and may be read with pleasure. (\$1.50. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

WE OWE Mr. Harold Frederic an apology for this tardy notice of an interesting book, and if any of our readers failed to see 'In the Valley' as it came out in *Scribner's*, or in book form, later on, we can recommend it for a journey in the train, or a wet afternoon at home. The valley is that of the Mohawk, and Mr. Frederic gives a clear and picturesque account of the motley population, Dutch, English, German and Indian, which sparsely settled it in the middle of the last century. So much of the early history of this country has been necessarily written from a New England or a Virginian point of view, that it is well worth while to listen to a man who knows what he is talking about, when he tells the story of one of the Middle States before and during the Revolutionary War. The fight at Oriskany, in August, 1777, of which the author gives a spirited and stirring account, has been chiefly remembered because the British commanding officer is believed to have offered

his Indian allies head-money for white scalps; but Mr. Frederic thinks it important for other reasons. To use his own words:—

We of New York have chosen to make money, and to allow our neighbors to make histories. Thus it happens that the great, decisive struggle of the whole long War for Independence—the conflict which, in fact, made America free—is suffered to pass into the records as a mere frontier skirmish. Yet, if one will but think, it is clear as daylight that Oriskany was the turning-point of the war. The Palatines, who had been originally colonized on the upper Mohawk by the English, to serve as a shield for their own Atlantic settlements, reared a barrier of their own flesh and bones, there at Oriskany, over which St. Leger and Johnson strove in vain to pass. That failure settled everything. The essential feature of Burgoyne's plan had been that this force, which we so roughly stopped and turned back in the forest defile, should victoriously sweep down our Valley, raising the Tory gentry as they progressed, and join him at Albany. If that had been done, he would have held the whole Hudson, separating the rest of the colonies from New England, and having it in his power to punish and subdue, first the Yankees, then the others at his leisure.

As in every self-respecting historical novel, a love-story is involved in the action, but it is of a healthy and conventional kind, and is not allowed unduly to interfere with the fighting. (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'A QUESTION OF LOVE' is a story from the French of T. Combe, translated by Annie R. Ramsay. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the simple little tale concerns itself with a young girl whose life is spent within the confines of her own humble home, with two old men and an old woman for her sole companions. One of the men has the sense to see that the girl is suffering for associates of her own age, and he writes for his young cousin to come and stay with them. The girl brings her brother with her, and he falls in love with Zoe. She does not care for him at first, but comes gradually to do so because every one favors the match and seems pleased when she agrees to it. The question of love comes in here, and resolves itself into a surmise as to whether her feeling for her husband is actually love or simply a mental habit she has fallen into; whether she might not have loved her other suitor more if propinquity had influenced his case as much as it had that of the successful one. The question is left to the reader to decide for himself. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—A STORY OF the emigration of a family of people out West to the delectable town of Egypt is told in a volume called 'From Timber to Town,' and purports to have been written by an early settler. The author tells first how he came to write the narrative, then why he moved to the new country; then he describes his friends and acquaintances, the camp-meetings, the corn-shuckings, and a dozen other things which go to make up the life of people in such places. It is told in the dialect of that region, and is quite difficult to read understandingly. After spelling it all out, one wonders why he has been guilty of such a waste of time. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

SO MANY STORIES, long and short, have been written of late years to illustrate Southern life in all its phases, before, during and since the War, that one might well suppose the last word had been said on the subject; at least one might hope that this last word would indeed be a final one instead of being repeated over and over again in the same key until the repetition makes it impossible to conceive that any of it has ever been enjoyed. It has remained for Mr. Hopkinson Smith, in his 'Colonel Carter of Cartersville,' to show us that we are mistaken, that the final word has not been spoken, and that there is still something which, if it be not new, is put before us in so charming a form that it is a matter of no consequence whether it be new or old. Anything more perfect than this description of a Virginia home and a Virginia gentleman, anything more exquisite than the mingled humor and pathos which pervades this little volume, cannot be imagined. The individual around whom the sketch revolves hands you his card bearing the unabridged inscription:—'Colonel George Fairfax Carter, of Carter Hall, Cartersville, Virginia,' omitting 'United States of America' simply because it would add nothing to his identity or his dignity. He is a Virginian of good birth, fair education and limited knowledge of the world and of men, proud of his ancestry, proud of his State and proud of himself; believing in States' rights, slavery and the Confederacy; and away down in the bottom of his soul still clinging to the belief that the poor white trash of the earth includes about everybody outside of Fairfax County. Outwardly whole yet always a patchwork, hopelessly unreconstructed and desperately poor, totally unable to keep body and soul together without the assistance of his faithful body-servant Chad (a gem of the purest water and not a whit less interesting than his master), Col. Carter lives along in the hope that his fortune will be

made by a railroad which is to have the right of way through his place and give its products an outlet to the sea; at last coal is discovered in the land, and to the amazement of every one the Colonel's air castles materialize and his faith and enthusiasm are rewarded. And yet with the sale accomplished and much beyond his wildest dreams, he is the same man in bearing, manner and speech that he was in his impecunious days. He was rich then—in hopes, in plans, in the reality of his dreamland. He is no richer now. The check in his pocket makes no difference. Such things as Chad's hunt for the seventh terrapin which has escaped from the barrel to the floor of the cellar, the Colonel's duel which does not come off because the challenge is mailed minus a postage stamp in the firm belief that the postmaster will be courteous enough to supply the deficiency, and the Colonel's target practice by means of a lighted candle placed on Chad's head, must be read to be appreciated. It is useless to touch on them, even; they are simply delicious. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ELIZABETH WYNER falls in love with Richard Dale, idealizing him of course, and believing him to be without a fault. She is a Quaker, and she leaves the Society of Friends to marry Richard. He is a fine fellow and adores her, but apparently that is not enough. Marriage is not the perfect condition she has pictured it; there are things occurring from time to time to ruffle the temper of each. A child is born to them and dies—a terrible disappointment to Elizabeth, in which Richard does not share. She is enough for him: why is he not sufficient for her? There is a lack of perfect sympathy here. At last accident puts her in possession of a story of Richard's early life, a tale of a woman ruined and deserted and of a child which he should have cared for as his. Elizabeth does not stop to consider, does not feel that she can forgive; so she leaves the house and returns to the Friends that she deserted when she began to cherish such illusions with regard to the man who became her husband. Shortly after this Richard is attacked and fatally injured by his factory hands, and he dies without her forgiveness. The story is by Leslie Keith and is called 'A Lost Illusion.' Elizabeth is an extremely foolish woman, but the book is tolerably well written. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)—
'A DESCRIPTIVE LIST of Novels and Tales dealing with American City Life' and 'A Descriptive List of International Novels,' both compiled by W. M. Griswold, are intended to direct readers to a number of novels, easily obtainable, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten a year or two after publication. The compiler has tried to include only such works as are well-written, interesting, and free from sensationalism, sentimentality and pretense; and he has been fairly successful in his undertaking. (50 cts. each. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.)

'FORESTALLED; or, The Life Quest,' by M. Betham-Edwards, is a peculiar story of an English scientist, a man over sixty years of age, who marries a woman scarcely twenty because her father leaves her to him and he does not know what else to do with her. The ill-assorted pair and the professor's young assistant establish themselves in a little French fishing village, and the doctor becomes absorbed in his studies, leaving the young people to find companionship in each other. The young fellow is a genius and works as hard as his master. Just as the latter is about to give the result of his life-work to the world he discovers that he has been forestalled by his pupil, and he accuses his wife of having betrayed his secret and given his notes to her young friend, and in his rage he drives them both from his door. Felix, who loves the girl dearly, tries to induce her to forget the professor who by his distrust has proved himself so unworthy of her, but she is still devoted to him and clings to his memory in spite of everything. Felix finally promises her to give up all claim to the discovery he has made and leave the professor in possession of the field. In this way the old man is brought to a realization of the wrong he has done them, and on his death-bed he sends for them and begs their forgiveness. We are left to suppose that the young people console themselves with each other and with the music which has taken the place of science in the lives of both. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

MARY H. FORD, the author of 'Which Wins,' says in her preface to the book that there are many men, like Wagner's Parsifal, whose eyes turn inward, who feel the sufferings of others so vividly that they are willing to turn their backs upon worldly prosperity and sacrifice all worldly profit for the good of their fellow-creatures. With such men lies the possibility of the race for real reform, and they represent a proportion of humanity much larger now than at any other time, she thinks. Apropos of all this she proceeds to dedicate the volume to the Farmers' Alliance as a slight testimonial of her respect and sympathy with the aims and achievements of that 'great organization.' The book is about what one

might expect from a person who could be aroused to any degree of enthusiasm over such a movement as the Farmers' Alliance. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—IN 'THE GENIUS OF GALILEE,' Anson Uriel Hancock has aimed to write an historical novel, comprehensive in character, which shall interest the general reader and at the same time embody positive information for those who have not the time or inclination to wade through many books. His intention has been to write the story of an age and delineate some of its characters. In one book he has traced the cause of Christ, in another Herod's court, and in others still Cæsar and Rome, the habits of the Galilean world, and the ancient history of the Jews. The scope is pretty wide, and the book is about as successful as it could be under the circumstances. A subject like this which has already been so fairly handled required a master hand to lend it any interest. (50 cts. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

WHEN WE SEE that 'The Robber Count,' by Julius Wolff, has been translated by W. H. and E. R. Winslow from the twenty-third German edition, we are impressed with the amount of spare time which must be 'lying round loose' in the Fatherland, while Mr. Peter Magnus's friends were hard to amuse compared with German readers. It must be that 'the world is too much with us,' or else we should have the proper historical thrill when the Abbess Kunigunde von Woldenberg remarks to the Chancellor Willekin von Herrkestrorf, 'Believest thou in truth that the bishop hath bidden us in simple friendliness?' We know that after such a beginning certain familiar figures will pass before us once more. We know that a fair damsel with a devoted serving-maid will be beloved by two brothers with a comic serving-man between them; that a wicked Count who says 'Aha!' will try to marry the fair damsel to his son, or force her into a convent, while the brother whom she has chosen will be also beloved by a wicked but attractive Countess; that all the gentlefolks will partake of refreshment, while the retainers hold high revel; that one brother will considerably be slain to leave the coast clear for the other, and that the comic serving-man will marry the devoted serving-maid. We can honestly recommend this romance to those who have not outgrown simple pleasures. They will find the friends of their youth still there, with their wires freshly oiled and working as smoothly as ever. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE FOURTH issue in the Unknown Library Series is a fantastic tale called 'The Friend of Death,' adapted by Mary J. Serrano from the Spanish. A young man, the natural son of a Spanish Count, is reared in luxury by his father until that parent dies and he is turned out of his home penniless by the wife who claims that her husband died intestate. His distress is so great that he determines to end his life by poison; but just as he is preparing to do so Death appears, stays his hand and swears that he will give him honor and riches and the woman he adores for a wife provided he will agree to become his friend. Everything progresses as Death has said it would to the point of our hero's marriage, but just as he is left alone with his bride, feeling that the world can give him nothing more in the way of happiness, the phantom appears and snatches him away from his blissful dream, carrying him off to his own icy habitation there to give him the secret of the mystery with which he has been surrounded. He tells him that he actually drank the vitriol and died six hundred years before, and that his sweetheart died of grief at his loss not long afterwards; that they have both been on probation all this time; and that they are to await the final judgment together. It is a weird, mystical story, well written at times, but so unlike the *fin de siècle* spirit which pervades everything in these modern days that one's liking for it will depend altogether upon the mood he is in when he takes it up. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—IN STRIKING contrast to this seventeenth century story is a volume of short sketches by Joel Chandler Harris called 'Balaam and His Master.' They are Georgia stories of course, and Negro stories and dialect stories equally of course. Balaam is a very disreputable person himself, and Balaam's master is still more disreputable. There have been disreputable people in books before, but they have, in many cases, been clever and interesting. No one could accuse the characters in this volume of being either. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Minor Notices

FOURTH in the excellent series of 'The World's Great Explorers and Explorations' is 'Ferdinand Magellan,' by F. H. H. Guillemard, late Lecturer in Geography at Cambridge. It does seem rather strange, as the author notes in his preface, that no adequate life of the great sailor and first circumnavigator of our planet has yet been written. It is true, there is one in Spanish, but it is far from exhaustive. Mr. Guillemard has, therefore, the advantage of priority in presenting in connected narrative the incidents of a

career full of adventurous and heroic situations. And well has he improved the opportunity. Through his spirited pages the reader follows this intrepid explorer with enthusiastic admiration, eager to know more of one whose inflexible determination, strength of will, fertility of resource, unselfishness and uniform integrity entitle him to a higher place than has yet been accorded him among those 'not born to die.' Indeed, in view of all that he was and all that he did, the claim which our author here puts forward of Magellan's superiority to Columbus appears not unreasonable. The volume is a valuable addition to our historical literature. It contains seventeen illustrations that really illustrate, and as many excellent maps, most of them colored. There are also appendices with much curious matter, and a good index. (\$1.75. Dodd, Mead & Co.)—**'THE PROFESSOR'S LETTERS'** are those written by Prof. Theophilus Parsons to a friend of his, a young girl, who was so much impressed with the thoughtful and helpful qualities of the letters, that she wished to share them with the world, and so obtained the writer's consent to their publication. The book is essentially one for a person about to pass from youth to maturity, and may undoubtedly help inquiring spirits over perplexing places. The tone is entirely devout and gentle, and the lesson of the letters might be summed up thus: Be good and love God and you will be happy; be a Swedenborgian and you will be happier still. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

THE PURPOSE of the Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams in his 'Christian Types of Heroism' is to refute the charge so often brought against Christianity that it glorifies the passive virtues at the expense of the active, and hence tends to effeminacy and to the deterioration of the race in that physical courage and prowess which has been so important a factor in the world's civilization. This popular idea, he insists, is wrong both in its interpretation of the spirit of Christianity, and in its view of historic facts. Patience, endurance, submission, self-abnegation, he maintains, are essential elements in every truly heroic character. Analysis will show that those qualities which draw forth the plaudits of the crowd subsist largely upon the admixture of the milder traits. The long roll of martyrs, apologists, hermits and monks, prelates and knights, reformers, missionaries, philanthropists and statesmen is then called, each class furnishing examples in abundance of some type of heroism. The theme is an inspiring one, and Dr. Adams has treated it with eloquence and vigor. To survey so wide a field within the compass of 200 pages requires much tact, but it has been done here admirably. The little volume is very entertaining, and a fitting sequel to Thomas Hughes's work on 'The Manliness of Christ.' (\$1. Universalist Publishing House.)

'THE TENEMENT-HOUSES of New York City' are of two kinds; those in which the yearly death-rate per thousand is 23.06, and those in which it is 22.42 or less. The former class consists of buildings erected before 1880, the latter of those erected since. As over 800,000 men, women and children occupy the former class of tenements, the annual unnecessary loss of population is over 500—a fact which indicates the tremendous importance of the law governing the erection of new tenements. It is startling to learn that the death-rate of the whole city (26.33) is considerably higher than the rate for the tenement-house sections. In the 'model tenement-houses,' however, the rate is only 14.28. The pamphlet named at the beginning of this paragraph is issued by the Tenement House Building Co. as a contribution to the study of the problem of housing the tenement-house population of this city, which exceeds both numerically and in its proportion to the single-dwelling class that of any other city in the world. Its revelation of the state of affairs prior to the enactment of the law that went into effect eleven years ago, and in conformity with which all apartment- and tenement-houses have since been built, will shock many a reader—particularly as the same state still prevails in the houses of earlier date. 'How the Other Half Lives' is getting to be pretty well known nowadays, thanks to Mr. Riis and the publishers of this pamphlet: how it can be got to live, when public-spirited citizens—imposing upon themselves conditions more stringent than even the new law exacts—set themselves to the problem of reform, is demonstrated in this encouraging record of three years of 'model tenement-house' work. Costly as the model houses are, they are yet capable of earning four per cent. upon the capital invested. This should attract investors and enable the Company to extend its operations. But more than this is needed before New York will be rightly situated in the matter of housing its poor: the law should insist upon the demolition or reconstruction of every building erected prior to 1880 that does not meet the conditions imposed upon the builders of new houses.

IT IS RATHER late in the day to praise something that was written thirty years ago, but certainly one must praise any effort to give us in convenient form a good thing that has been practically inaccessible. Mr. W. D. Armes, of the University of California, has reprinted in a book of 150 pages George Henry Lewes's 'Principles of Success in Literature,' an essay which appeared originally in *The Fortnightly Review*. Lewes argued from the standpoint that sustained public opinion was after all the criterion by which literature is to be judged, and that the power of literature to affect the people depends on three things: vision, sincerity, and beauty. The treatise is not merely a theoretical explanation of the causes of good writing, but a practical effort to show others how to write well. By his own example the author has set up a standard hard to attain to, and this is one of the wholesome features of the book. (50 cts. San Francisco: Saml. Drew & Co.)—**ANOTHER EDITION** of the same work has been prepared for the use of students by Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan. Mr. Scott's introduction and notes are capital; and, as he remarks in the preface, this 'is just the work to go into the hands of that hope and despair of the teacher of rhetoric—the callow young man with a sneaking ambition for literature, much sentiment, and a decided relish for rhetorical decoration.' Not, however, that it is adapted solely to this type of undergraduate youth; for every student of literature and criticism will find it instructive and inspiring. (50 cts. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.)

Magazine Notes

The Century may be said to have made and, in great part, to have preserved its reputation by its intelligent and timely treatment of artistic topics. That it still adheres to its old policy is shown by the number and value of the articles on art matters in the bound volume for Nov., 1890–April, 1891. The 'Century Series of Pictures by American Artists' includes characteristic examples of Will H. Low, George W. Maynard, and the late Dennis M. Bunker. All three are female figures of a beauty at once classic and piquant, and such, so an English critic has observed, as might be known anywhere as American. They are beautifully engraved by Wolf, Clossen and Whitney. Apart from the articles and poem accompanying these pictures are to be noted Mr. William A. Coffin's sympathetic and just appreciation of his brother artist, Kenyon Cox, illustrated after an excellent Western landscape and an eastern 'Studio Corner,' by Mr. Cox. The portrait in the latter is of Mr. Will H. Low. The full-page portrait of the sculptor, St. Gaudens, also by Mr. Cox, both as to drawing and engraving, is one of the best woodcuts ever published in the magazine. Of less immediate interest are Mr. Cole's engravings after Luca Signorelli and Lionardo da Vinci; but the articles on 'Theodore Rousseau and the French Landscape School,' and on 'Two French Sculptors, Rodin and Dalou,' are as timely as they are judicious and well-written. It is hardly necessary to revert to the several important series of historical articles: the Talleyrand Memoirs, the California series and the papers of prisoners' experiences, both North and South, during the Civil War; nor to the Lincoln History, which is now finished. Of articles on travel and adventure are the two on Mount Saint Elias, and the series recounting the journeyings of 'An American in Thibet.' Miscellaneous articles are on 'Australia,' by George R. Parkin; 'Some Views on Acting,' by Salvini; 'French Salons of the Revolution and the Empire,' by Amelia Gere Mason; and 'Early Victories of the American Navy,' by Edgar S. Maclay. In the July *Far and Near* a series of four stories by Susan Coolidge is begun. They are all to be founded upon the Parable of the Sower; and the first—a charming one—is called 'By the Wayside.' Stories can carry a good many suggestions with them, as is shown also in 'Pictures by the Inch,' where the unknown author slyly pokes fun at the contemporary editor; by 'Our Vacation,' in which Louise Clarence chooses a summer wardrobe for herself and her friend; and in the eighth chapter of 'Housekeeping for Two,' where Miss Anna Barrows tells how her two girls met sundry emergencies known even in lighthouse-keeping. In 'The Soho Club, London,' Miss Caroline Hazard describes a visit to the pioneer English club of working girls without making any fictitious additions; 'A Sketch,' by Miss Julia A. Sabine, is almost a biography; Miss E. A. Heath has 'A Plain Talk with Young Women'; and in 'Robbing Peter to Pay Paul,' improvident economy is condemned by Miss M. Bourchier Sanford. The clubs are well represented by 'A Flower Talk' from the Lucy E. Tilley Club of St. Louis, and 'How to Cultivate the Memory' by a member of the Thirty-eighth Street Club of New York, as well as by the discussion (under Thoughts from Club Members) of self-government in clubs. The editorials deal with the holiday time ('A Word in Season'), and industrious days ('Equal Wages for Equal Work'). Two poems, 'Dreams of Youth,' by Mrs. Harriet A. Robinson, and 'The Violets Song,' by Miss Mai Thomas, with the departments, complete the number.

Questionings

FORTH from earth's councils thou hast passed, O friend,
 To those high circles where God's angels arc,
 Angels that need no light of sun or star!
 No eye may follow thee as thou dost wend
 Thy lofty way where heaven's pure heights ascend,—
 Above the reach of earthly fret or jar,
 Where no rude touch the blissful peace can mar,
 Where all harsh sounds in one soft concord blend.
 What have ye seen, O beauty-loving eyes?
 What have ye heard, O ears attuned to hear
 And to interpret heaven's high harmonies?
 What problems hast thou solved, thou who with clear
 Undaunted gaze didst search the farthest skies?
 And dost thou still love on, O heart most dear?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

The Lounger

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN to whom the anecdote related in my first two paragraphs of last week seemed to furnish fit meat for the Society for Psychical Research writes to me now as follows:—'I can add a link to the chain of your investigations by citing the fact that Mrs. — and her daughter told my brother that they had seen at the theatre (about the time of the meeting with "Vaulter") a man so exactly like V. that they would have accosted him had they not known it to be impossible for him to be on this side. All this happened and was commented upon without any knowledge of that adventure. So the plot continues to thicken, and the wraith to prove as substantial an entity as even the ghost of Sir John Villiers or De Foe's celebrated Mrs. Veal, and (to you at least) as voluble and apt as the "audition" in Cock Lane. How about referring the whole question to Mme. Blavatsky?'

UNDER THE TITLE 'More Tennysonian Trifles,' Dr. W. J. Rolfe contributed to *The Critic* of June 27, 1885, a very interesting budget of notes on various poems by the Laureate, 'printed on the spur of the moment—and for the most part anonymously—in newspapers, but, with few exceptions, rejected in making up his volumes—a class of poems of which he pronounced 'The Fleet' to be by far the poorest. One of this class was 'The War,' printed in the *London Times* of May 9, 1859, and signed 'T.' The lyric had never been acknowledged when Dr. Rolfe wrote of it, six years ago; but within the past few weeks, declares Mr. W. Davenport Adams in a recent *London Graphic*, Lord Tennyson has confessed to its authorship. Whether he will now acknowledge the other poems of this class remains to be seen. Several of them appeared in *The Examiner*, over the pen-name of 'Merlin'; and in the article referred to above, Dr. Rolfe quoted a long one, signed 'Taliessin,' professedly written in imitation of Merlin's verses, but bearing strong internal evidence of being by the same hand. Its title is: 'Suggested by Reading an Article in a Newspaper.' Not only has the poem never been acknowledged by Tennyson, but Dr. Rolfe had never before seen it ascribed to him.

'THE DIGNITIES and Indignities of Literature' are set forth in a recent *Independent* by a veteran 'literarian' and journalist, to whom 'an eminent foreigner' once remarked that the only persons of national fame in America appeared to be 'two or three capitalists, a very few public men, and the whole body of authors.' Col. Higginson thinks there is an element of truth in this judgment; and more impressive to him than the posthumous renown Westminster Abbey may confer were 'the vast piles of letters from unknown school-children which used to accumulate on Longfellow's desk about the time of his birthday.' Again, the author is to-day 'as good as' his publisher—though the fact is not stated in just those words; and he is not obliged, as the actor or the public man is (or as he feels himself to be), 'to advertise himself personally'; the anonymity of a work sometimes stimulates its sale. One of the drawbacks to the author's perfect felicity is the necessity he is under of reading the notices of his own books. I never knew he had to do this; but Col. Higginson writes with unimpeachable authority on questions of this kind. What he says about the possibility of making an effective array of favorable reviews from the hundreds of all sorts which even a poor book may receive, also surprises me: I did not suppose that any but the veriest 'outsider' would attach as much weight to a score of gushing notices in obscure newspapers as to one in (say) *The Independent*. Here, if anywhere, it seems to me, quality must outweigh quantity. Yet again I defer, as in duty bound, to Col. Higginson's sounder judgment and wider experience.

IT WOULD SEEM that the sonnet as a vehicle of poetic inspiration were to be superseded by the epigram. The Lounger rarely opens any magazine of the day without being greeted by one or more of these minim notes of wit, wisdom, or fancy. Perhaps there is an advantage in the preference given the latter form, since better are four lines snugly packed than fourteen in which the contents lack due coherence. However this may be, two of the Lounger's friends were recently trying their hand at the epigram. In one case the conceit of originality in the literary neophyte was the theme—and this is what one of them made of it:—

A STYLE OF HIS OWN

Scriblerius reads no writings (save his own),
 For fear his style should lose its vigorous tone,—
 Which gravely some approve, while others smile,
 Well-pleased to learn Scriblerius has a style.

The theme of the other epigram was drawn from an advertisement in a British newspaper, to the effect that sermons in quantities to suit the purchaser could be furnished clergymen wishing to buy; moreover, these sermons were said to come packed in a barrel, fifty-two in number, so that when the year's supply was exhausted, the ingenious divine had but to turn the barrel upside down and begin at the other end. But to the epigram:—

THE INVERTED BARREL

'Speak not your own words, think not your own thought
 On the Sabbath—the Scripture will teach!
 'Amen!' cries the parson, 'I cavil at nought,
 For the sermons of others I preach!'

M. GEORGES BERTIN, editor of *La Revue Retrospective* of Paris—an antiquarian sheet—and author of 'La Princesse Lamballe,' a work which has been translated into English, is at work upon a Life of Joseph Bonaparte, once King of Naples and afterwards of Spain, who was more fortunate than his epoch-making brother in escaping to America after Waterloo. M. Bertin, who speaks excellent English, and is married to a Miss Sherrill of Philadelphia, spent the past winter in the Quaker City, pursuing his researches there and thereabouts into the life of Joseph—the Comte de Survilliers, as he called himself—at Bordentown, N. J. The Hopkinson family, whose old home is at Bordentown, gave him access to some 150 of the ex-King's letters, the late Judge Joseph Hopkinson, author of 'Hail Columbia,' having been one of that worthy's American executors; the Judge's sister, Mrs. William Biddle, who is ninety-one years of age, recalled her reminiscences of Bonaparte Park for the stranger's benefit; and the Ingersolls and others, and the Pennsylvania Historical Society lent further aid. M. Bertin's book, which is to comprise about 300 pages, will be of special interest to Americans.

W. L. H. SENDS me this note:—'At least twenty years ago *The New Church Independent* published as from an old tombstone in a New England churchyard the following:—

Under this sod
 And under these trees
 Lieth the body
 y of Solomon Pease.
 He's not in this hole,
 But only his pod.
 He shelled out his soul
 And went up to his God.

Whether "Hiram" Pease appropriated Solomon's epitaph I know not.

A BRIGHT YOUNG printer of Detroit has just been crazed by an attempt to discover a Bacon cipher in Shakespeare's plays. He has been sent to a retreat, and it is hoped will ultimately recover. The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly should pin this item conspicuously on the wall of his library.

A 'CONCERN' in Chicago writes as follows to a well-known poet of this city:—

DEAR SIR:—We have requested you several times to forward us a few of your poems, with data, for 'Poets of America,' but as yet have failed to receive a reply. Would you kindly send on a few of your favorite poems at once, as you are certainly worthy of representation in the revised edition of 'Poets of America,' a collection that is being recognized as the only standard work of the kind extant. An early reply will greatly oblige Yours sincerely,

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Instead of sending 'an early reply,' the poet sends the type-written letter to me, with this endorsement:—'Someone ought to "sit upon" this nuisance.' The 'nuisance' will kindly consider itself 'sat upon.'

Boston Letter

A READER of *The Critic*, noticing the reference to Priscilla, the wife of John Alden, in a recent letter of mine, inquired if her maiden name was Molines, as there stated, or Mullins, as he had elsewhere seen it given. There is authority for using either name in speaking of the historic maiden, but as *The Critic* reader inquired farther into the genealogy of the Pilgrim heroine of romance and fact, I was obliged to refer to Mrs. Jane G. Austin for data. Mrs. Austin has the Colonial family histories at her finger's end, as her novels show; and, furthermore, she takes the deepest interest in hunting out the disputed points in the history of our interesting forefathers. Mrs. Austin, who is now staying at her favorite summer home, the Plymouth Rock House, at Plymouth, writes as follows in answer to my inquiry:—"Priscilla, wife of John Alden, was the daughter of William Mullins, also a Mayflower Pilgrim. The name was originally Molines, and the family were descendants of one of those French Huguenots who, fleeing from France about the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew (August 24, 1572), settled upon the River Waal and hence became known as Walloons. The name became corrupted to Mullins at an early date, as Bompasse did to Bump, La Douce to Dewson and De la Noye to Delano. William Mullins and family are mentioned by the name of Molines in the old records, both Dutch and English; but nothing more is known of them than that the family consisted of William and wife, their children Joseph and Priscilla, and their servant Robert Carter, or Cartier, all of whom except Priscilla died in the first winter. The name is also sometimes spelled Mullines." Mrs. Austin, I believe, uses Molines as her spelling of the name.

The Independent Theatre project slumbers, but is not dead. In this middle of the summer season, when all interest in dramatic matters is supposed to be at lowest ebb, a busy enthusiast has collected from prominent leaders of thought in Boston their views upon the proposed plan, and among the replies I notice the letters of several literary men. Mr. Howells is, of course, in favor of the theatre of realism, defining the latter term as the 'truthful treatment of material.' He favors no particular school of drama, but advocates 'the promotion of a life-like drama and the education of audiences in tastes and morals.' Mr. T. Russell Sullivan is opposed to any theatre resembling the Théâtre Libre of Paris—and Mr. Garland's scheme is essentially a copy of the French experiment of M. Antoine. An American Theatre, supported by a large capital and modelled after the Théâtre Français, would meet Mr. Sullivan's approval. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, editor of *The New England Magazine*, hopes to see the Independent Theatre established and has several suggestions to offer. 'I should like to see such dramas as Longfellow's "John Endicott" put upon the stage of this new theatre,' he says. 'Until people see that drama acted they cannot realize how fine Longfellow's dramatic genius was. I should like to see the dramatization of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which I happen to know lies at the bottom of Mr. Howells's drawers; I should like to see the dramatization of George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," made by Miss Cadwallader, I think, and played so well by the Seniors of Smith College at their recent commencement; and I should like to see more plays striking at evils in our American life, like Mr. Herne's "Margaret Fleming."'

I have spoken of this theatre as Mr. Garland's scheme, because I regard him as the leading spirit. He has several enthusiastic assistants, Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of *The Arena*; Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the architect; Miss Mary Shaw, the actress; Mr. Sylvester Baxter, the editor; and Mr. H. A. Wyman, the lawyer; but his enthusiasm is the greatest of all. Since Mr. Garland's new book 'Main Travelled Roads' appeared, a few weeks ago, his friends have been designating him as the Kipling of the West, and it is certain his Mississippi Valley stories are bold and strong in their devotion to realism. The general public will soon be interested in his personality, and a word or two of history may not be out of place. I believe he is a Wisconsin man by birth, but when he came to Boston ten years ago he had far less of the appearance of the ideal Westerner than now; there were then about him more signs of the pale-faced student; to-day he is ruddy-faced and buoyant. Yet many months of his early years in Boston were spent in researches through the volumes of the Public Library, until the guardian of that home for readers began to imagine the young student, roaming so eagerly through the alcoves, was seeking to absorb in one lifetime all the collected learning of a thousand years. He kept himself, however, alert to the doings of the day, and pithy communications to the periodicals frequently called the attention of the readers to the crisp signature below, Hamlin Garland. He was appointed lecturer at the School of Oratory, and soon the neighboring towns began to hear his voice upon the lyceum platforms.

Devoted to certain theories—one, of course, being the promulgation of realism, in every branch of literature, and another being the rightfulness of individualism, or single tax.—Mr. Garland would travel to the North Pole to lecture upon his pet ideas and not ask a cent of remuneration. It is a pleasure occasionally to find a man so thoroughly in love with his self-appointed work.

I understand that Mr. Herne's play of 'Margaret Fleming,' in which Mr. Garland took so much interest, is to be tried again in Boston, in spite of its failure to draw on its first venture. It will be played again by Mr. and Mrs. Herne at Chickering Hall for two months, and afterwards will be given in New York.

The death of the famous yacht designer, Edward Burgess, on Sunday, calls attention to an interesting fact in the life of his wife. Whoever has seen the painting of the Nine Muses by Fagnani, the Italian artist, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, must have noted the excellent beauty of Erato, the muse of the poetry of love. As the model of that goddess Miss Caroline L. Sullivan posed, and her delicate blonde beauty, combined with the grace which she inherits from her Virginian ancestors, made her face the most notable in the group. In Europe Miss Sullivan, who then held residence in Columbus, Ohio, met Mr. Burgess, and six years after he had graduated from Harvard they were married in Boston.

Mr. Rufus A. Grider of Canajoharie, N. Y., has been visiting Boston this past week for the purpose of digging out of the dusty alcoves of the Boston Museum and the cases of the Boston Athenæum antiquities of the powder-horn stamp. He has found several old horns with interesting historical inscriptions and decorations, and is to reproduce them in water-color and then add them to the collection of 370 reproductions he has deposited with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

BOSTON, July 14, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MOST of the drawings in 'Scenic Utah,' a large and expensively prepared publication, would have gained immensely by being reduced to much smaller dimensions. The artist, Mr. Alfred Lambourne, works apparently in gouache, with the boldness and the eye to effect of a skilled scene-painter. Trees, in this manner of treatment, are of two kinds only, the deciduous and the evergreen; rocks suggest wood or pasteboard; living foliage and dead leaves are, perforce, treated alike. But the coarseness of touch so evident in the present volume and which would disappear if the pictures were further reduced, or if they were seen from a considerable distance, does not prevent their having serious artistic qualities. Mr. Lambourne has an eye for interesting compositions and for striking effects; and his 'Mount Nebo,' hanging snow-clad above a dark cypress grove and glittering river; his 'Utah Lake from Springfield Cañon'; his 'Lake Minnie,' with an obelisk of rock piercing through a cone of snow; and his 'Snowsheds in the Depths of the Little Cottonwood' show him a true artist. He writes his own descriptive text. (\$20. J. Dewing Publishing Co.)

—A despatch from Brunswick, Maine, reports that the Misses Walker of New York have offered to give an art building to Bowdoin College, famous as the Alma Mater of Longfellow and Hawthorne, and Hawthorne's friend President Pierce. Plans are now in preparation for the proposed structure, which will be of brick and stone, and in every way worthy of the art collection owned by the College. It is stated that the building will cost upward of \$60,000.

—A 'Romance Without Words,' a pretty girl thrumming a zither, engraved by James Dobie after a painting by William Thorne, is the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for July. A print before letters would doubly merit the title. Probably the best of all the portraits of Thackeray of which the magazine has published so many; probably, also, the best of all the works of the 'late Sir Edgar Boehm,' is the statuette, photo-engraved in this number, in which the great romancer is shown standing with his hands in his trousers pockets. In this case, the attitude alone would make the man; but the expression is also very good. 'The Maddock's Collection at Bradford' is illustrated after pictures by French and English artists contained in it. A very interesting article is on the 'Artistic Aspects of Figure Photography,' by P. H. Emerson. The heads of Sir John Herschel, and of a young woman entitled 'Day-Dreams,' and a Burne-Jones-like composition of four young women with a background of foliage, are remarkably pictorial. 'The Metal Ornament of Bound Books' is illustrated from clasps and corner bosses of silver on books in the British Museum and other collections.

—*The Art Amateur* will appear, hereafter, in a London edition, of which Griffith, Farran & Co. will be the publishers.

The American Philological Association

THE TWENTY-THIRD annual session of the American Philological Association was begun in the afternoon of Tuesday, July 7, at University Hall, Princeton, N. J., Dr. Julius Sachs of New York, President, in the chair. Prof. Herbert Weir Smyth of Bryn Mawr, the Secretary, announced the program, and reported thirty-seven new members. The Treasurer reported a balance of \$1126.09, as against \$446.41 a year ago. At the close of the business session the Association proceeded to the hearing of papers. The first paper, by Clarence H. Young, of Columbia, on 'Erchia, the Deme of Xenophon,' was followed by 'Notes on the Roman Census in the Republican Era,' by Dr. E. G. Schler of New York (read in his absence by Dr. A. Gudeman of Johns Hopkins). Andrew Ingraham of the Swain Free School, New Bedford, contributed a paper on 'Word Order in Lucan'; and Prof. Clement L. Smith of Harvard read one on 'Catullus and the Phasellus of his Fourth Poem.' Copies of the poem were distributed, and the paper gave rise to discussion. The last paper of the afternoon was that of Prof. Thomas Dwight Goodell of Yale, on 'Aristotle on the Public Arbitrators.' In the evening an address of welcome was delivered by President Patton of Princeton. This was followed by the address of President Sachs, upon 'Alexandrine Art.'

The Association resumed its work on Wednesday morning with a considerably increased attendance, other colleges represented besides Princeton being Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Columbia, Wooster, Wesleyan, Vanderbilt, Trinity, Hamilton, Miami, Union, Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Wabash, and Lafayette, as well as a number of prominent preparatory schools. The first paper of the day was presented by Prof. Charles Forster Smith of Vanderbilt, on 'Traces of Tragic Usage in Thucydides'; it was followed by interesting comments by Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins. The second was Prof. Theodore W. Hunt's 'English Lexicography,' which awakened universal interest. Prof. Hunt went over the whole ground of lexicography, historically and critically. Prof. March of Lafayette spoke with special reference to the encyclopedic dictionary and its usefulness in comparison with others. The third paper was by Prof. H. W. Smyth of Bryn Mawr; it consisted of 'Notes on Digamma.' Dr. Smyth was followed by Prof. W. A. Merrill of Miami, on 'The Signification and Use of the Word "Natura" by Lucretius.' Prof. Gildersleeve took part in the discussion following this paper. The final reading of the morning was by Prof. Edward B. Clapp of Illinois University, on 'Conditional Sentences in the Greek Tragedians.' The literary session of the afternoon was omitted, and the members accepted the invitation of the Professors of Princeton to inspect the grounds and buildings, the library and the museums of the old College. A reception was given to the Association by President and Mrs. Patton.

On Thursday, Prof. William J. Seelye of Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa, presented some 'Metrical Translations from Sophocles's "Oedipus Coloneus,"' which Edward Clapps of Yale University followed with a paper on 'The Greek Stage According to the Extant Dramas,' endeavoring to deduce evidence, in opposition to the generally received opinion, that the ancient orchestra and stage were upon the same level. The next paper was by Prof. Andrew F. West of Princeton, on 'Lexicographical Gleanings from the Philobiblon of Richard de Bury,' revealing the peculiar difficulties under which he labored in his late translation of that work. A paper by Prof. W. G. Hale of Cornell, on the 'Syntax of the General Condition and the Comparative Clause in Latin,' was succeeded by the following, which, owing to pressure of time, were given rapidly and with little discussion:—Dr. George B. Hussey of the Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio, 'A Note on the Testimonia Belonging to Plato, Respublica, 398 A'; Dr. A. Gudeman of Johns Hopkins, on 'A New Fragment of Cicero's Hortensius and of Aristotle's Protrepticus'; Prof. T. D. Seymour of Yale, 'Notes on Adrastea,' correcting the popular notion of Nemesis as an avenging fury, especially of homicide; Prof. W. G. Hale of Cornell, 'The Mood with Quod Sciam, "Restrictive";' and Prof. F. C. March of Lafayette, 'Law of Language, Especially Verner's Law.'

Reports of various committees were received and considered. Among these was that of the Committee on Spelling Reform, through its Chairman, Prof. March. This emphasized the importance of the committee appointed by President Harrison on the orthography of biographical names, the object being to secure uniformity in public documents. It was stated also that this committee had adopted the principles already sanctioned by the Government of Great Britain and the Philological Association of London. The committee on the time and place of the next annual meeting reported several invitations, and upon ballot that of the University of Virginia was accepted and the date fixed as the second Tuesday of July, 1892. The alternate place was Williams College.

The Committee on Nominations reported, and the following were chosen as officers for the ensuing year:—President, Prof. Samuel Hart of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.; Vice-Presidents, Profs. W. G. Hale of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and I. M. Garnett of the University of Virginia; Secretary, Treasurer and Curator, Prof. Herbert Weir Smyth of Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Penn.; Executive Committee—The above-mentioned officers and Profs. B. L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins, F. A. March of Lafayette, W. W. Goodwin of Harvard, Miss Leach of Vassar, and W. D. Whitney of Yale.

Prof. Clement L. Smith of Harvard University presented a vote of thanks, making special reference to the efficient work of the Committee of Arrangements, Prof. Andrew F. West of Princeton, and the reception by President and Mrs. Patton. Dr. Patton responded briefly, and upon invitation ex-President McCosh made a short address, after which the Association adjourned.

French Printing

REVIEWING the fifth volume of 'The Century Dictionary' (Q to Stro), on June 20, we said:—

Typographically this dictionary needs to be compared with Littré or with the new Darmesteter-Hatzfeld only for an instant to show its enormous superiority. The French printers can do everything except—print. Examine for a moment any one of the three *fascicules* of the French dictionary last mentioned: the type is nervously fine, diminutive one might say,—almost agate, indeed: consequently trying in a high degree to the already much-tried eyes of students. Littré is pale, on a thin paper full of shadows, almost destitute of discriminating types, poor in its paragraphing, and admirable altogether only in the Oriental Supplement of Devic.

In a letter to the *Tribune* dated London, June 30, the invariably readable 'G. W. S.' sternly rebukes us in the following paragraph:—

In an American periodical which does its best to be literary and bibliographical and even critical, I read with astonishment that French printers can do anything but print. I say with astonishment; or what would have been astonishment, had such a statement appeared in a different paper. The remark is thrown in casually in the course of a rather indiscriminating panegyric on the Century Dictionary. What French printers does this writer mean? Ancient or modern? It is true of neither; it is not even within measurable distance of being true. France has had excellent printers at almost every decade of her history since printing was invented; some of them among the best and most famous in the world. She still has excellent printers. Whether they are equal to the most eminent of past times is a question that need not be considered. It is enough to say that they are equal and more than equal to the best of their own time in other countries. Let us keep to the present quarter of a century, which I presume this surprising Critic has in mind. Where will he find printers' work as good in respect to art as that which bears the names of Jonaus, of Lemerre, of Quantin, or of several more? I know of none in England. In America Mr. De Vinne's work may be compared with the French, but it is only of quite recent years that art printing has been attempted in America, and the best American printers need not be above owing their obligations to their fellow-craftsmen of Europe. Here in England the art has fallen off; the best work and the average work are alike inferior to what they were twenty years ago.

The printers we 'meant' are the printers of French dictionaries. But Mr. Smalley's ignorance of the defects of these works is pardonable, his knowledge of the French language being so intimate as to preclude the necessity of consulting a lexicon.

Lady Burton's Sacrifice

[From a Letter in the London Morning Post]

MY HUSBAND [the late Sir Richard Burton] had been collecting for fourteen years information and material on a certain subject. His last volume of the 'Supplemental Nights' had been finished and out on the 13th of November, 1888. He then gave himself up entirely to the writing of this book, which was called the 'Scented Garden,' a translation from the Arabic. It treated of a certain passion. Do not let any one suppose for a moment that Richard Burton ever wrote a thing from an impure point of view. He dissected a passion from every point of view as a doctor may dissect a body, showing its source, its origin, its evil, and its good, and its proper uses, as designed by Providence and nature, as the great Academician Watts paints them. In private life he was the most pure, the most refined and modest man that ever lived, and he was so guileless himself that he could never be brought to believe that other men held or used these things from any other standpoint. I, as a woman, think differently.

The day before he died he called me into his room and showed me half a page of Arabic manuscript upon which he was working, and he said:—'To-morrow I shall have finished this, and I promise you after this I will never write another book upon this subject. I will

take to our biography.' I told him it would be a happy day when he left off that subject, and that the only thing that reconciled me to it was that the doctors had said that it was so fortunate, with his partial loss of health, that he could find something to interest and occupy his days. He said:—'This is to be your jointure, and the proceeds are to be set aside for an annuity for you.' And I said:—'I hope not; I hope you will live to spend it like the other.' He said:—'I am afraid it will make a great row in England, because the "Arabian Nights" was a baby tale in comparison to this, and I am in communication with several men in England about it.'

The next morning, at 7 o'clock, he had ceased to exist. Some days later, when I locked myself up in his rooms, and sorted and examined the manuscripts, I read this one. No promise had been exacted from me, because the end had been so unforeseen, and I remained for three days in a state of perfect torture as to what I ought to do about it. During that time I received an offer from a man, whose name shall always be kept private, of 6000 guineas for it. He said:—'I know from 1500 to 2000 men who will buy it at 4 guineas, that is, at 2 guineas the volume, and as I shall not restrict myself to numbers, but supply all applicants on payment, I shall probably make 20,000*l.* out of it.' I said to myself, 'Out of 1500 men fifteen will probably read it in the spirit of science in which it was written, the other 1485 will read it for filth's sake, and pass it to their friends, and the harm done may be incalculable.' 'Bury it,' said one adviser; 'don't decide.' 'That means digging it up again and reproducing it at will.' 'Get a man to do it for you,' said No. 2; 'don't appear in it.' 'I have got that,' I said; 'I can take in the world, but I cannot deceive God Almighty, who holds my husband's soul in His hands.' I tested one man who was very earnest about it. 'Let us go and consult so and so,' but he, with a little shriek of horror, said, 'Oh, pray, don't let me have anything to do with it; don't let my name be mixed up in it, but it is a beautiful book. I know.'

I sat down on the floor before the fire at dark to consult my own heart, my own head. How I wanted a brother! My head told me that sin is the only rolling stone that gathers moss. That what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write when living, he would see very differently to what the poor soul would see standing naked before its God, with its good or evil deeds alone to answer for, and their consequences visible to it for the first moment, rolling on to the end of time. Oh for a friend on earth to stop and check them! What would he care for the applause of 1500 men now—for the whole world's praise—and God offended? My heart said, 'You can have 6000 guineas; your husband worked for you, kept you in a happy home with honor and respect for thirty years. How are you going to reward him? That your wretched body may be fed and clothed and warmed for a few miserable months or years, will you let that soul, which is part of your soul, be left out in cold and darkness till the end of time, till all those sins which may have been committed on account of reading those writings have been expiated, or passed away perhaps forever? Why, it would be just parallel with the original thirty pieces of silver.'

I fetched the manuscript and laid it on the ground before me—two large volumes' worth. Still my thoughts were, Was it a sacrilege? It was his *magnum opus*—his last work, that he was so proud of, that was to have been finished on the awful morrow—that never came. Will he rise up in his grave and curse me or bless me? The thought will haunt me to death, but Sadi and El Shaykh el Nafzawih, who were pagans, begged pardon of God and prayed not to be cast into hell fire for having written them, and implored their friends to pray for them to the Lord that He would have mercy on them. And then I said:—'Not only not for 6000 guineas, but not for 6,000,000 guineas will I risk it.' Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burned sheet after sheet until the whole of the volume was consumed.

It is my belief that by this act, if my husband's soul were weighted down, the cords were cut, and it was left free to soar to its native heaven. As we had received no money in advance, I was mistress of the situation. If any judge otherwise, and deem me unworthy of their friendship, I must bear it in silence.

The Washington Memorial Arch

SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Mr. William R. Stewart, Treasurer, 54 William Street, from June 29 to July 11, inclusive, were as follows:—

\$100.—The Barbour Brothers Company.

\$25.—J. L. Riker. \$15.15.—'L.' \$5.20.—Cash-box returns.

\$5.—Charles SooySmith (additional).

Total, \$105,764.12; Amount still needed, \$10,235.88.

Carlyle on Thiers

A TRIP which Carlyle made to Paris in 1851, after an amount of perturbation that might be expected in the case of a Columbus sailing to the Indies by an untried route, is described in a recent *Pall Mall Gazette* by means of quotations from the traveller's manuscript diary. Browning and his wife and child were the sage's fellow-travellers. On the Channel, 'Browning was sick, lay in one of the bench-tents horizontal, his wife below; I was not absolutely sick, but had to be quite quiet and without comfort save in one cigar for seven or eight hours of blustering, spraying, and occasional rain.' Once on land, however, the poet was himself again, and 'did everything' for his family and the grumpy Scotchman who journeyed with them. At Paris, at night, Carlyle tried to solace his sleeplessness with a short Irish pipe, 'lately my poor mother's.' In the afternoon of the following day he met Thiers, of whom he sketches this vivid portrait:—

'I had seen the man before in London, and cared not to see him again; but it seemed to be expected I should stay in the room, so after deciphering this from the hieroglyphs of the scene I staid. Lord and Lady A., Thiers and I: a sumptuous enough drawing-room, yellow silk sofas, pendules, vases, mirrors, Turkish carpets, good wood-fire; dim, windy afternoon: *voilà!* Royer-Collard, we heard, once said: "*Thiers est un polisson; mais Guizot, c'est un drôle.*" heigho, this was Prosper Mérimée's account afterwards, heigho! M. Thiers is a little brisk man, towards sixty, with a round white head, close-cropped, and of a solid business form and size, round, fat body, tapering like a ninepin into small fat feet and ditto hands; the eyes hazel and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect; small Roman nose; placidly sharp fat face, puckered eye-ward (as if all gravitating towards the eyes); voice of thin treble, peculiarly musical; gives you the notion of a frank, sociable kind of creature, whose cunning must lie deeper than words, and who, with whatever *polissonnerie* may be in him, has absolutely no malignity towards any one, and is not the least troubled with self-seeking. He speaks a good-humored treble *croak*, which hurtles itself on in continuous copiousness, and but for his remarkably fine voice would be indistinct, which it is not even to a stranger. "Oh, bah! eh b'en, lui disais-je," etc., in a monotonous, low, gurgling key, with occasional sharp yelping warbles (very musical all, and inviting to cordiality and *laissez-aller*), it is so that he speaks, and with such a copiousness as even Macaulay cannot rival. "Oh, bah! eh b'en!" I have not heard such a mild, broad river of discourse; rising anywhere, tending anywhere. His little figure sits motionless in its chair; the hazel eyes, with face puckered round them, looking placidly animated; and the lips, presided over by the little hook nose, going, going! But he is willing to stop, too, if you address him, and can give you clear and dainty response about anything you ask. Not the least officiality in his manner; everywhere rather the air of a *bon enfant*, which I think really (with the addition of *coquin*) must partly be his character! Starting from a fine Sèvres vase which Lady A. had been purchasing, he flowed like a tide into pottery in general, on to his achievements when Minister and encourager of Sèvres; half an hour of this, truly wearisome, though interspersed with remarks and questions of our own. . . . Michelet stood low in T.'s esteem as a historian; lower even than in mine. Good-humored contempt for Michelet and his airy syllabubs of hypothetical *songerie* instead of narrative of facts. "Can stand *le poêle* in his *place*, but not in the domain of truths." . . . Our conclusion was, M. Michelet was perhaps a bit of a *soi*—M. Lamartine, who had meanwhile come in course too, being definable rather as a *fat* (a hard saying of mine, which T. with a grin of laughter adopted); and so we left Parnassus à la Française, and M. Thiers, who could not stay to dinner, took himself away.'

'At dinner:—Our two *distingués* were literary, one Mérimée already mentioned, a kind of critic, historian, *linguistically* and otherwise of worth—a hard, logical, smooth, but utterly barren man (whom I had seen before in London, with little wish for a second course of him); the other, a M. Laborde, Syrian traveller; a freer-giving, jollier, but equally unproductive human soul.'

The Import of Poetry

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW made some rather despairing observations in regard to modern poetry at a recent dinner of the Federal Club in this city. To these observations Mr. Stedman referred as follows in the course of one of his lectures at Johns Hopkins, some weeks ago:—

'Poetry, I think, is to retain as of old its literary import; and from time to time to prove itself a force in national life, and this in spite of the pronunciation of the distinguished Knickerbocker with whose epigrams and eloquence the Baltimore jour-

realists next month will be so enjoyably regaled. I share the pride with which all Manhattanese, and the sons of Yale especially, regard the chief of our "spell-binders," but I cannot read with equanimity his diagnosis and prognosis of the state of the poetic imagination. My alarm is lessened by the chance that he may be a better authority upon the arts of post prandial speaking and the art of charming votaries to "tend him i' the eyes and make their bends adornings." Dr. Depew said, at the recent Federal Club dinner, that the saying of a philosopher of the last century often has been quoted:—"Give me the making of the songs of a people, and I care not who writes their laws"—and his citation, as to date and phrase, is sufficiently accurate for a party banquet. Not so, I think, his comment, to wit:—"The time has passed when the songs of a people any longer stir its enthusiasm or direct its policy. We have passed the singing period." This was received with "applause," though precisely for what cause of jubilation, at that dinner, it would be difficult to determine. Certainly it was an adverse omen for the great party of which he is an active, and I an equally sincere, member, when so many of its songsters took their flight—as if pressing the only executive overthrow it has thus far experienced. He added:—"The newspaper, in the universal discussion twice a day of the principles and of the measures of the hour, has relegated melody to the bard of the past." Dr. Depew went on to deprecate even the newspaper editorial, as no longer a force, and declared that the people, who "have no time to read editorials and are no longer moved by song," are taught "by phrase, epithet and epigram"—inferentially, I suppose, as struck off in the sparkling heat of a speech "across the walnuts and the wine."

If this be so—if we are all so hurried—the libraries must also soon be closed, and all text-books, save those of maxims and proverbs, may as well be stricken from University registers. But is there not a class that dines sometimes at home, and still reads—even reads editorials that are worth reading—by the fireside? May not all classes be moved again by a song when occasion finds and moves the singer? The newspaper itself, if it has somewhat diverted the strength of our minstrels, gives instant vogue to all good minstrelsy, carrying its strains to every household, and more swiftly than ever before. Nor does it stay, but rather enhances, the flood of imagination—just now, as it happens, diverted to the channel of prose fiction, so that we see novels, even those not of the highest rank, affecting the economic and religious ideas of great peoples. Dr. Depew's learning and eloquence have gained for him the highest distinctions which Yale, the mother of universities, can bestow upon the man whom she delights to honor. He has the allegiance of his fellow graduates, and among various presidencies holds that of the vigorous Yale Alumni Association of New York. He is a member of the Yale Corporation, that revered and conservative body, and the fact lends high significance to his public outgivings with respect to both the poet's song and the editor's essay. Yet I still believe that to doubt the unceasing power of imaginative literature, even the recurring force of the poet's song, is to stand in the undertow of a rising tide and to declare that the waters are falling. It is to take one's little interlude solely into account. Oratory more reasonably has been termed a lost art, but our speaker's own career indicates that it was but a suspended habit. And I am moved to say, without malice, that while the journalists cannot blot out the fame of a strong and genuine well-doer, whether poet or statesman—and while they would not if they could—there is past evidence to show that a verse-maker or other public favorite, who is made by the newspapers, is liable to find at any moment that they can still more readily unmake him.

Current Criticism

LITERARY ENGLAND UNDER THE GUELFs.—It was only through the people, perhaps, in this way, that that noble achievement, the formation of a plastic and vigorous prose, could be accomplished. The universal heart had to have something to do with it, and that heart throbbed more powerfully in the great middle class than anywhere else,—the class that in Gray's *Elgy* lay buried outside in the unknown churchyard filled with the mute inglorious Miltons who had never spoken, but in whom lay the power to speak when the time should come. That time came when the English novel, the gift of the eighteenth century to England, came fresh from the glowing brain, first of De Foe in 'Robinson Crusoe,' then of Richardson in 'Pamela,' then of Fielding in 'Joseph Andrews,' and lastly, of Smollett and Goldsmith in 'Humphrey Clinker' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Horace Walpole, too, in 1764, started in his 'Castle of Otranto' the romantic movement which culminated in the incomparable picture-gallery of Walter Scott; and accomplished women like Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Fanny Burney (whose novels Burke and Johnson devoured with delight), Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Maria Edgeworth, wrought at

different periods of the century on the same unrivalled achievement. Thus it was that the eighteenth century, Guef as it was to the core, finical, dilettante, critical, and cool, has bequeathed to us in prose the one matchless biography—Boswell's; the greatest English history—Gibbon's; the most popular text-book that was ever written—Blackstone's; the most limpid autobiography—Franklin's; the supreme novel—'Tom Jones'; the most remarkable work on political economy—Adam Smith's; the highest political philosophy—Burke's; and the noblest revelation of human rights ever made—the Declaration of Independence.—Prof. J. A. Harrison, in *The Chautauquan*.

QUIDA'S LITTLE FLING.—In a long article in the *London Times*, Ouida enters a somewhat hysterical protest against literary 'syndicates' and 'agents' who, she says, treat literature in the same spirit as that in which Chicago treats the pig. 'The literary agent,' she continues, 'is a new creation, like the telephone or the boy messengers; but his utility is not so apparent as theirs. He exists by the credulity, the avarice, and the indolence of the men who make literature. He does nothing which cannot just as well be done by yourself, or by your secretary, if you have one; but he appears to promise profit and escape from trouble; the union of the two seems irresistible to many minds. Those to whom it is thus irresistible place themselves without reserve in his hands, with the confidence of Moses in Mr. Abraham.' After deploring the increase in the number of inferior scribblers, she says, with sweeping assertion:—'The sickening rubbish which passes muster as novels has discredited in English literature the form of the novel which, whether as a picture of the passion, or of the comedy of society, or of rural life, is essentially in a master's hands the fullest and most truthful rendering of all phases of nature and of human nature which literature can show.' And in the following gentle taunt no one can doubt that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at last crushed:—'The public should, of course, be able to reject this trash for itself and refuse to have it sent for its perusal, but the public is not educated and has no intellectual palate; even so-called criticism in England has none, and a young man has of late been hailed by it as a fine writer when he has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them.'

'THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.'—It is Mr. Kipling's most important essay in the field of fiction, and supplies a satisfactory answer to the questionings of those who doubted his ability 'to do anything big,' though it is to be hoped and expected that he will yet do something bigger still. If he had written only his short stories, he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had permanently enriched our literature; but we were from the first of those who believe that it was in him to produce more imposing, if not more enduring, work. 'The Light that Failed' is an organic whole—a book with a backbone—and stands out boldly among the nerveless, flaccid, invertebrate things called novels that enjoy an expensive but ephemeral existence in the circulating libraries. In the prosaic horrors of his hero's situation, Mr. Kipling finds fuller scope for the pen which has already portrayed the sleepless nights of 'pukah-less and perspiring' Dicky Hatt, and the protracted agonies of Murrowbie Jukes in the hideous 'City of the Half-Dead.' The simplicity and directness of these comparisons are admirable, and the same qualities are apparent in all Mr. Kipling's work. He 'slings his nervous English' (as Mark Twain has so expressively said) straight at his reader's head, and every word tells. If there is a suspicion of brutality in his outspoken utterances, and if he is a little too apt to trample on the public that buys his wares so willingly, we can forgive the peccadilloes of a writer who has enlarged the sum-total of our experience by furnishing us, out of the fulness of his own, with a whole series of new and exciting sensations.—*The Athenaeum*.

Notes

By arrangement with the English publishers, the Cassell Publishing Co. issue Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's book, 'A Girl in the Karpathians,' which gives an unconventional and racy account of travels among the mountains. The book contains a full-length portrait of the author in her travelling costume, which consisted of a flannel shirt, jacket, knickerbockers and Tam-o'-Shanter. Miss Dowie aroused the enthusiasm of the British Association last year by an address on her novel expedition. The journey was made without companions.

—Mme. Blaze de Bury's history of Anne Boleyn has just been crowned by the French Academy; it has, moreover, received the Prix Montyon of \$300.

—The August *North American Review* will contain articles on the Jewish question, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, who holds that the antagonism to Hebrews in Russia is due to social and economic rather than religious causes; on the 'Value of Naval Manœuvres,' by J. Russell Soley, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; on the 'Possibilities of the Steam-Yacht,' by Lewis Herreshoff, the yacht builder; on 'Vampire Literature,' by Anthony Comstock; and on 'The State as an Immoral Teacher,' by Ouida.

—Amélie Rives's new novel, the first chapters of which will appear in *The Cosmopolitan* for August, will be called 'According to St. John.' An artist in Paris will illustrate it. The story will run through three numbers of the magazine.

—The first book to be published by the Harpers under the new copyright law is Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Life of Gladstone*. 'Girls on Horseback' is the title of a series of papers begun in *Harper's Bazar* on July 17. Lydia Heresy, of Bridgewater, a new story by Mary E. Wilkins, appears in the same number.

—John W. Lovell Co. will publish during the summer a number of novels by English authors, such as 'Miss Wentworth's Idea,' by W. E. Norris; 'Maisie Derrick,' by Katherine S. Macquoid; 'The White Feather,' by Tasma; and 'Grayspoint,' Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of 'George Geith'; and new books by L. B. Walford, Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie, Helen Mathers, and the authors of 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' and 'A Village Tragedy.'

—*Forest and Stream* is about to issue an enlarged edition of C. P. Kunhardt's 'Steam Yachts and Launches.'

—Messrs. Appleton announce 'Maid Marian and Other Stories,' by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, author of 'Throckmorton' and 'Little Jarvis.' The book will be included in their Town and Country Library. In the new Appletons' Summer Series is to appear 'Adopting an Abandoned Farm,' by Miss Kate Sanborn.

—Of the poems of Emily Dickinson, 'an Arabic translation made in Syria,' is said to have passed through several editions.

—Mr. Edward W. Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, who has lately been given a share in the ownership of the paper, will go abroad this month. The *Journal* will publish in August 'An Unconventional Holiday,' by Lady Macdonald, the first of a series of papers by the widow of the late Sir John.

—Col. John Hay arrived from Europe last week on the Majestic.

—Prof. A. S. Hardy, who sailed for Europe on July 8, took with him the manuscript of a novel which he hopes to have ready for publication a year hence. Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who sailed the same day, has gone for recreation simply. Her future work in fiction will be, like her past, in the field of American history.

—John W. Lovell Co. will shortly publish the first volume of a complete translation of Heine's works, by C. G. Leland, author of the 'Hans Breitmann Ballads,' with a preface by Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum.

—The writings of Von Moltke, to be published as soon as possible, will be entitled 'The Collected Writings and Memoirs of the Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.' The first volume is in the hands of the printer.

—Thirty thousand persons are said to have witnessed the unveiling of a statue to Burns at Ayr, last week.

—A movement is on foot to establish at the University of Pennsylvania a chair of anatomy as a fitting memorial to the late Dr. Joseph Leidy, the naturalist, who was for thirty-nine years a teacher of anatomy there. It is proposed also to raise a fund of \$50,000 for a Leidy memorial museum.

—Baron Oscar von Redwitz-Schmeltz, the German poet and dramatist, is dead at the age of sixty-eight. He was the author of an epic poem, 'Amaranth' (1849), which was very well received, and of a 'History of the Brook and the Fir-Tree' (1850), a book of poems (1852), 'Sieglinde,' a tragedy (1854), 'Thomas Morus,' an historical tragedy (1856), 'Philippine Welser' (1859), 'The Doge of Venice,' brought out with great success in Munich in 1859; 'Hermann Stark,' a story (1868), and 'The Song of the New German Empire' (1871).

—At a recent London sale the following prices were brought:—Lane's 'Arabian Nights,' 18s.; Blake's 'Illustrations of the Book of Job,' 1825, 24l. 5s.; Froyssart's 'Cronycles of Englande,' etc., two volumes in one, black letter, 17l. 5s.

—Dr. Naville, the discoverer of Bubastis and of the Treasure City of Pithom, has just given to the world the results of his work in identifying other cities and districts in Egypt, more especially some connected with the Exodus of the Israelites. At the end of June he presented these results before one of the largest meetings

ever held by the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, Adelphi Terrace, London, the great hall being so crowded that many had to be accommodated in the vestibule.

—William II. ascended the German throne on June 15, 1888, and Mr. Poultney Bigelow—who was the Emperor's schoolmate—has written for the *August Century* an article on the first three years of his reign. Portraits of Wilhelm and his wife will form a double frontispiece, and the paper will be fully illustrated throughout. Of another favorable study of the young Emperor—a biography just published in England by Mr. Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the *New York Times*,—'G. W. S.' thus cables to the *Tribune*:

The interest of Mr. Frederic's biography is in its careful study of facts not generally known, and his not less careful study of character. It is possible to dissent from his main conclusions, yet to admire the skill with which they are drawn and the plausible view of the perfectibility of imperial human nature here set before us. The author writes agreeably, often with force, is readable everywhere, and has produced the most attractive sketch of the German Emperor anywhere to be had in English or American print.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1621.—Who is the author of the poem entitled 'Philander and Mehtable'?

BURLINGTON, VT.

J. B. C.

1622.—How does the letter *j* sound in Hindoostanee or East Indian words, such as in *Taj Mahal* or *Rajah*?

THE DALLES, OREGON.

E. M. W.

[It is sounded like our usual *j*, in *judge* and the like.]

1623.—Who wrote this quatrain? Where is it found?

On the shelf lies the Bible,
That Day-book so broad;
It embodies the reckoning
Of Mortals with God.

T. H. S.

1624.—Can you refer me to the author of the following lines set to an original tune ('Kirkwood') by the late Gen. H. K. Oliver, in his volume of 'Original Hymn-Tunes, etc.,' published by Oliver Ditson & Co in 1875?

Since first Thy word awoke my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn my eyes, Thou art,
All Light and Love, before me.

WATERLOO, IOWA.

M. K. C.

1625.—Many years ago I frequently heard my mother quote from a sort of doggerel poem which she called 'The Federal Pie.' I do not know the author and cannot quote more than a line or two of it. I fancy it was a political pasquinade written against the Federal party, as my mother was just grown at the time of the War of 1812, having been born in 1793. The verses seem to claim that every one has told lies from the beginning of the world. Can any one give me any information about this bit of doggerel?

BABYLON, L. I.

G. S. C.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

American Historical Association. Papers. Vol. V. Parts I., II., III.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Baldwin, J. Harper's School Speaker. Book III.	Harper & Bros.
Bancroft, H. H. Literary Industries.	Harper & Bros.
Besant, W. St. Katherine's by the Tower. \$1.25.	Harper & Bros.
Bowdoin College Library. Bulletin No. 1.	Brunswick, Me.
Buchanan, R. The Coming Terror.	U. S. Book Co.
Braddon, M. E. The World, the Flesh and the Devil. 50c.	U. S. Book Co.
Caird, Mona. A Romance of the Moors. \$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Colorado School Report. June 1889-1890.	Denver, Col.
Corneille, P. Polyeucte. Ed. by A. Fortier.	Beaton: D. C. Heath & Co.
Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française. Part V. 1 fr.	Paris: Ch. Delagrave.
Ellicott, J. M. Justified. 50c.	Minerva Pub. Co.
Heinen, K. The Rights of Women.	Boston: B. F. Tucker.
Hibbard, Geo. H. Iduna, and Other Stories.	Harper & Bros.
Hoxie, W. P. From Within.	Phila.: Geo. H. Buchanan & Co.
Kipling, R. The Light that Failed.	Leipzig: Heinemann & Bailestier.
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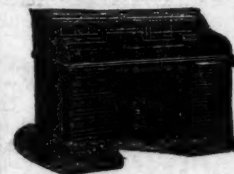
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